



# Quarterly Quest

October 2007 Vol.5



East London & Essex Section  
News Letter

Section News
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If you did not realise we have been at the squadron already one year, what's the saying (time fly's by when your having Fun) Fourteen riders assembled at the Green Man on 3<sup>rd</sup> June, to attend the annual bike show at Knebworth run by Anthony Greenwood. Somehow I was volunteered, by Roy, to act as one of the show judges. Due to problems with the P.A. system (which apparently had never given trouble in over ten years!!), the judging started 3 hours late. By this time the rest of our section had become disillusioned and already left for home. I finally left the show at 4:30 pm: thanks Roy. Good to see Ron Mathers at club night on 14<sup>th</sup>, only three weeks after a triple bypass operation. With luck he should be able to make the Jampot Rally. On Monday the 18<sup>th</sup> we travelled over to the Fighting Cocks to meet the Kent Section on their club night. As usual the curse of " the Bridge to Far" struck again. Firstly: my headlight refused to function: but as in the Chinese proverb " Many hands make light work" Secondly: the fuel line came adrift on the bike (one of Roy's) that Graham was riding, whilst on the M25. Thirdly: four or five people went the wrong way, but eventually retraced their route to arrive some 15 minutes later. Fourthly: the front brake anchor was loose on Grahams borrowed bike. Fortunately one of the Kent guys had a couple of spare nuts. Fifthly: Dudley's headlamp was not working but we nursed him back to Billericay. And finally; after seeing Dudley all the way back my lights failed again, but I was only 100 yards from home. Many thanks to Kent for their hospitality. It's been a busy time for what with the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary barbeque and the ***East Suffolk*** Jampot Rally. In all some 30 members and family attended the rally; many staying the full 3 days, with others coming as day visitors. We slept in various forms of accommodation; ranging from caravans, camper vans and, unusually for us, even tents! In fact about a dozen slept in tents, many for the first time in several years. On the Saturday, many of our section set off early as we had volunteered to marshal the run to Southwold. Roy's daughter, Lucinda took part for the first time under her own power, having ridden many Jampots as a pillion. The route passed through many small villages and narrow lanes in this very rural part of Britain. Sunday run went ahead as planned with some of our guys again marshalling the convoluted route to Felixstowe. Two of the section, Dave Kewell & Ian Testro, were awarded the much-coveted "Gold Rosettes" to take part in the concours for the Jampot Trophy. Pat Gill once again won the Collier Cup for best pre-war Matchless. All in all a very good rally in an excellent location; even the weather was hot & sunny for once this summer. **Alan Jennings.**

## Jampot Rally 2007

Friday the 3<sup>rd</sup> August saw some 18 of us set out individually for the short trip up the A12 to the Wantisden Rally site. I left work at 10am and passed Ron West in his car, with his bike on the trailer and Dennis just in front on his Model 20. Just as I approached the Marks Tey turn-off the phone rang and to my surprise it was Alan J (the surprise bit was that he had been due to leave before me and he was still at home), his problem was that after loading panniers and rack on the 1947 AJS, he discovered that just a few yards up the road he had no steering as the front wheel was clear of the ground, so Dudley and Dave N rode off leaving Alan to re pack his bags and eventually use his G80CS instead.

I arrived on site just after 11.00am to find just a handful of others there, but after booking in it was just a short while before Dennis and Ron arrived. Our base was all ready set up because Dudley, Dave Nichols and myself had gone up the day before to sort things out. As I unloaded the trailer the others began to arrive, I lost track of time but by mid-afternoon most of us were there with only Pat and Will arriving later on.

The local Friday run was to Orford and then on to Andy Tiernan's classic bike shop, all went well until we left Andy Tiernan's to return back to the site. Two sidecar outfit riders, who just happened to be wearing hi-visibility jackets like the run leaders made off, followed by someone! - and like lemmings we all began to follow, only to find out some 15 miles down the road that we were heading in the wrong direction and that they were locals on their way home! All this left us with not much time to get back to site and be at the pub for seven for our section meal, we just made it and eighteen of us sat down to a nice pub evening meal at the "Butley Oyster".

Dawn rose early and what a pleasant day it was as I opened the caravan door. I met Dave N, who seemed somewhat confused by the time as he had been up for an hour already, even though it was still only six O'clock. I suppose that his eyes were still blurred from the night before (one pint to many). Breakfast was from seven and true to form I was first in the queue. After breakfast there was a major panic as Colin A had lost his wallet with every thing in side and when I say everything I mean everything. He had looked everywhere and could not remember the last time he opened it as he had Pam pay for their dinners the night before. It was eventually found under the table in the pub after It was spotted through the window. It turned out to be one of two found in the pub that morning, as one of the pub's regulars had done the same thing.

## Jampot Rally 2007

The Saturday run was to Southwold with us helping out with some marshalling. Peter B and Ron M turned up for the day by car and as I needed some one to look after our dog, they were first choice, so they took the dog to Southwold to meet up with Karen (there was a slight problem, apparently, but Ron M is keeping stum about that). It was a good run there and back, with no repeat of the previous day's fiasco. Saturday night was spent at the campsite with a meal and drink. But little Dave S liked the sausages he had the night before so much that he went back down to the pub with Vic S, Dave E and Alex B.

Sunday morning and it was up early and first in the breakfast queue again. That day's run was off to Felixstowe and we were still booked to marshal on it. However, some of the boys decided to go on the run as riders instead.

As we approached Woodbridge I pulled up beside Dudley and we checked mileage readings, with some discrepancy noticed. I realised that the Speedo drive had unwound again (two rallies in a row), so I "dropped off" next and had planned to get the recovery back to site. However, as I sat by the roadside a local chap pulled up to enquire why he had seen so many bikes around. It turned out he was a biker and when I explained my problem he offered to pop home and get some tools. "Great, I will have it fixed before the run gets to me", I thought. But he was gone a long time and I started to think that he had changed his mind. But no, he came back. So I gave him my marshal's high vis jacket and set to removing the back wheel convinced that I could do it before I would be seen. But just as I was putting the wheel back in around 150+ bikes turned up. What shame! but at least I had finished before the back marker arrived, so I followed on to the lunch stop, with afterwards an uneventful but pleasant run back to the site.

It was then time for Dudley and I to set up stall again at the Jumble. Some hard selling techniques were used and with good results and so a pocket full of "dosh". As the bikes were lined up for the concours judging we had Dave K and Ian Testro keeping up the section entry. Sunday night was presentation night followed by more drinking and chat. All in all a good rally and section turn out.

Roy B, Alan J, Dave Nic, Dennis F, Ron W, Vic S, Dave E, Alex B, Dudley W, Dave S, Dave K, Colin & Pam A, Will & Ginny P, Peter Berry, Pat, Mary & Nic Gill, Rob, Jan & Kerry H, Richard Smith, with Saturday visitors Karen & Lucinda, Peter Bearman and Ron Mathers.

See you all in Cornwall 2008.



<u>January—June 2007</u>		Venue	Time
11th January	Thursday Club Night.	Squadron	7.30 PM
14th January	<b>Sunday North weald Jumble</b>	North Weald	10.00 AM
25th January	Thursday Club Night. <b>Ron West Talk</b>	Squadron	7.30 PM
8th February	Thursday Club Night.	Squadron	7.30 PM
18th February	<b>Sunday North Weald Jumble</b>	North Weald	10.00 AM
22nd February	Thursday Club Night <b>Alan Jennings Talk</b>	Squadron	7.30 PM
8th March	Thursday Club Night.	Squadron	7.30 PM
22nd March	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
25th March	<b>Sunday Club Run To Ardingly West Sussex</b>	TBA	9.00 AM
1st April	<b>Sunday Eastern Counties Meet Finchingfield</b>	TBA	10.30AM
12th April	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
26th April	Thursday <b>Club Night. Fish &amp; Chips</b>	Squadron	7.30 PM
6th May	<b>Sunday Club Run</b>	TBA	10.00AM
10th May	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
13th May	<b>Sunday Jericho Cottage Bike Meet</b>	TBA	10.00AM
24th May	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
24th-28th May	Fri- Mon <b>2007 International Jampot</b>	Germany	
3rd June	<b>Sunday 8th Classic bike show Kenebworth</b>	TBA	9.00AM
14th June	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
16/17 June	Air Britain Fly-In. Squadron North Weald		
18th June	<b>Monday Run To Kent Section</b>	TBA	6.30PM
24th June	<b>Sunday Cressing Temple show</b>	TBA	10.00AM
28th June	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM

<b><u>July-August 2007</u></b>		<b>Venue</b>	<b>Time</b>
1st July	<b>Sunday Club Run To Battlesbridge</b>	TBA	10.00AM
12th July	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30PM
15th July	<b>Sunday Club Run</b>	TBA	
26th July	Thursday <b>Club Night BAR B Q</b>	Squadron	7.30 PM
29th July	<b>Sunday Club Run</b>	TBA	10.00AM
3rd/ 6th August	Fri - Mon <b>Jampot Rally Suffolk Woodbridge</b>	Suffolk	
9th August	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
19h August	<b>Sunday Club Run</b>	TBA	10.00AM
23rd August	Thursday <b>Club Night/ invite Kent Section</b>	Squadron	7.30 PM
26th/27th August	<b>Sun/Mon Countess of Warwick Show</b>	TBA	9.30AM
2nd September	<b>Sunday Classic bike Festival North Weald</b>	North Weald	9.30AM
9th September	<b>Sunday Plumstead</b>		9.00AM
13th September	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
23rd September	<b>Sunday Club Run</b>	TBA	10.00AM
27th September	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
7th October	Sunday <b>Coalhouse Fort Tilbury</b>	TBA	9.30AM
11th October	<b>Thursday Club Night</b>	Squadron	7.30 PM
25th October	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
28th October	<b>Sunday Change of Clocks Run</b>	TBA	10.00AM
8th November	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
11th November	<b>Sunday Remembranced Sunday</b>	Squadron	10.00AM
22nd November	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
1st December	<b>Saturday End of Season Dinner</b>	TBA	7.00PM
13th December	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
27th December	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM



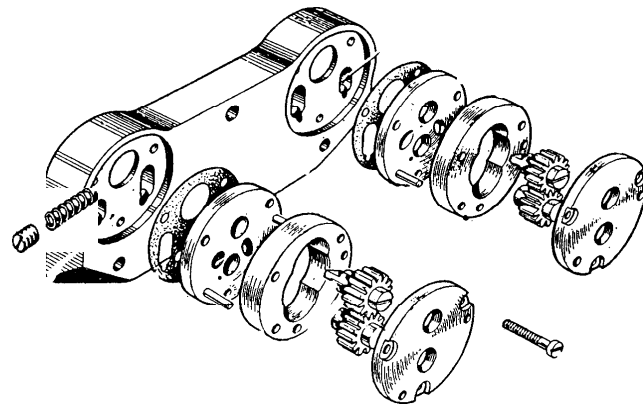
Stemming the oil tide By P Cathie December 1995.

P. Cathie from Aldershot asks how he can prevent his G9 from dispersing the contents of its oil tank over the garage floor after standing for a week?

THIS is a perennial problem with the twins. The AMC twin gear oil pump was probably one of the more efficient designs of its time in terms of creating good oil pressure and volume of flow. The standard pump can circulate approximately 26 gallons of oil in one hour. The high capacity pump fitted to later CSR twins in the early '60s was even more efficient, doubling the circulatory capacity to approximately 50 gallons per hour. However, this latter pump sometimes caused more problems than it solved by "over oiling" and creating excess pressure in the crankcase oilways which frequently resulted in 'blown' gaskets.

The one problem which has always dogged this type of gear driven pump is its inability to restrain the drainage of oil past the gears and shafts when the machine is idle. This wasn't a problem in the 50's and 60's when the machines were used for daily commuting because the amount of pump leakage overnight is minimal. But today, when machines are often not used for weeks at a time the oil tank quickly empties, filling the bottom of the crankcase.

As soon as the oil in the crankcase reaches the level of the drive-side main bearing, it leaks through that bearing into the primary chaincase. As the level of oil rises in the chaincase, it eventually overflows through the breather vent in the rear portion of the chaincase - and the rest you know.



Whilst this problem is common to all twins, it can also occur with the later "hybrids" (both singles and twins) where the Norton gear pump was used on the '64-on G3116 and G80118, and the *G15* Mk II fitted with the Norton Atlas engine.

### **What to do about it?**

There are a number of options which can to some extent alleviate this "wet sumping" problem.



## **Taps**

Visit any classic bike function and you will notice that an increasing number of machines (not just AMC) are sporting nicely polished brass taps in their delivery oil lines. The advantages of fitting a tap are self evident. The disadvantages can be catastrophic if you forget to turn the tap on before running the machine. Those with ingenuity might devise a way of fitting an electrical switch onto or into the tap. When the tap is closed, such a switch might either ground out the magneto or interrupt the ignition supply circuit thus preventing the engine from being run. Others use a "token" system, e.g. a token such as a sign, sticker, or anything eye-catching is hung on the speedo or twistgrip whenever the tap is turned off.

Caravan and camping supply merchants market some neat 1/4" and 3/8" bore brass taps which are normally used for gas. They're perfectly suitable for oil and cost between £8 and £12 depending on bore. Hardware and DIY stores are perhaps more obvious sources for both gas and water taps, both of which may be pressed in service. Minimum bore should be 1/4" and larger if possible.

**Valves** Anti-drain valves have been fitted as standard by some manufacturers in the past (e.g. Velocette). Theoretically, an anti-drain valve shouldn't fail. However, they do, and I'll explain why.

### **Inlet**

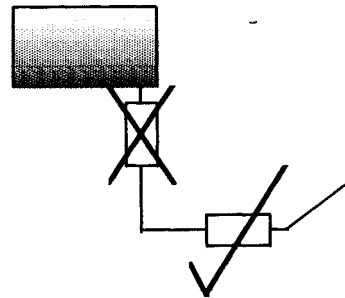


### **Outlet**

When the engine oil pump is running it creates a partial vacuum in the oil supply line under the ball in the anti-drain valve. Atmospheric pressure acting on the oil in the tank forces the ball off of its seat, overcoming the resistance of a light spring and allowing oil to flow.

When the pump stops running, the spring returns the ball to its seat and stops the flow of oil. However, this process typically relies upon the delivery oil line being full of oil from the outlet of the anti-drain valve, all the way to the pump. If that oil line itself drains down, the pump is not primed with oil when it starts and therefore it may not create a vacuum in the delivery line under the valve (the pump may not create sufficient vacuum by pumping air alone). This situation might only occur after the bike has been standing for some considerable time....BUT IT CAN OCCUR. In order to minimise the risk of this occurrence, always fit the valve in the lowest section of the delivery line, therefore minimising the risk of oil draining from the outlet. Even then, be sure that if you fit a valve you fully understand the consequences of a malfunction, for whatever reason. The minimum damage likely to occur from oil starvation is that one or both big-end bearings will fail and/or seize.

The maximum damage is likely to occur if one or more conrods seize and snap, causing crankshaft damage and/or breakage, destruction of piston(s) and bores), etc,



Anti Drain Valve Position

Valves are available in a number of different styles and from a number of different sources. The only one which I've examined and tested in any detail comes from RGM Motors and costs £16 mail order including P&P. RGM can be found on 01946 841517.

### **The Importance Of A Shed !**

In recent years there has been much discussion in print about the importance of a shed in man's life. Firstly there was Frank Westworth, in both the "Jampot" and his "Real Classic" magazines, boasting of not just a shed, but his "big" shed. There has now been several articles in another club magazine which I receive, about the importance of a shed and also various articles in non-motorcycling "literature" (if newspapers and lifestyle magazines can be described as such) about a shed being an important hideout and place of safety (from having to do any mundane household work, or getting involved in general "chit-chat") for every man. In fact I have read so much about sheds that I am now starting to get an inferiority complex because – yes I have to admit it – I do not have a shed. There, I have said it and have now come out of the closet – I am a shed deviant!

It's not that I started out that way and, when but a tender age of 16 and just starting out with my first motorised transport (a Cyclemaster cyclemotor), I did at times occupy the bench in my father's shed, sharing space with various bulbs and gardening paraphernalia. It was not a real initiation though because I was unable to ever get the whole bike inside it, only bits that I had previously dismantled outside in the cold.

When I got married and moved to Brentwood I nearly got my shed/workshop when I saw that the garage could easily take both my motorcycles and still leave a huge amount of space for my desired workshop and room to work on a bike, perhaps even allowing one of those fancy elevating bike benches. I even adapted the old sideboard which had been left at its far end, to take a worktop and my engineering vice. I was well on the way to becoming a fully fledged shed/workshop owner – just as soon as I had finished work on our new home, of course.

Unfortunately, from a shed point of view that is, I had the misfortune to belong to a motorcycle club and as you will all know, in a club there is always someone who is selling some bike or other which you "just cannot bear to not possess" at the price offered and in my case this was compounded by having both a brother with whom I often swapped and exchanged bikes and a friend who was a local fellow club member who could never make up his mind just what bike he wanted to keep and therefore always had something interesting "on offer". Acquiring motorcycles was never a problem but, hoarder that I am, selling any was difficult in the extreme. I have never been any good at selling bikes and because I always tend to tell prospective new owners anything that might be wrong with them I invariably lose money on every sale, so I usually find it better just to keep them all.

Pretty soon the garage (my workshop to be) filled up with bikes in various states of operation and disrepair. I could still get to the workbench at the end (via the rear side door) but

barely had room to move and fully opening the front doors of the cupboards underneath the bench was a near impossibility. However, somehow I still managed to carry out some work on this bench although, just as when living with my parents, all work on removing the parts to be fettled (I like that word – it sounds much better than bodged) from the bike now, once again, had to be done outside in the cold – and sometimes by torchlight when an important task needed to be done on my commuting transport after getting home from work and before the next morning. On one memorable occasion, when stripping a unit construction engine and splitting apart the crankcase and gearcase I managed to scatter the 30 or so crowded rollers from the gearbox sleeve gear bearing over the workbench and oily/dirty floor of the overcrowded garage and it is still a source of wonder to me that, after a short interlude for a temper loss brought on by both the disaster and realising the fact that I never really needed to remove the sleeve gear shaft anyway on that particular engine, I managed to find every one of those rollers after spending what seemed like hours with a torch clambering about between bikes and amongst the various rubbish that had blown in under the badly fitting doors and accumulated on the concrete and old engine oil covered floor. It was then that I decided that things could not go on like this, something would have to change before long. It was the hurricane of 1987 that finally initiated a change. My flimsy asbestos sheet garage had actually survived the onslaught, but I feared that it might not stay upright for a great deal longer, so I ordered a new (concrete this time) garage and extended it by about six feet or so at the same time. Now I would have my workshop.

Well actually it never turned out that way, because all that happened was that an extra row of bikes went into the extension while all repairs continued to be carried out on the concrete standing in front of the garage after spending considerable time previously shuffling all the bikes in the garage about in order to get out the one which needed to be worked on. I suppose that the problem I have is similar to that which is faced by someone trying to keep to a diet or give up smoking, the intention is there, but the possibility of a relapse is high when temptation looms, such as whenever another bike was offered, and I have sometimes been put at a very unfair disadvantage when temptation became irresistible, such as when a free bike was presented.

Over the years friends have said to me, “why not build a shed behind the garage?”, but what would be the point. I know my own weakness and no doubt it would soon get filled with more bikes. So I have now accepted the fact that I am never going to have “my own shed”. Instead, when the possibility of an early retirement presented itself, we enlarged the conservatory (you know, the sort of additional structure that used to be referred to as a “lean to” before we were all struck with “estateagentese”) and, blessed with an understanding wife, I installed a workbench where I can work on some of my engine and bike bits and pieces and suitably entertain like minded friends with a mug of tea or coffee without them feeling out of place by not being in a shed surrounded by bits and pieces of motorcycle.

True, it is far from being a proper workshop and I cannot work on a complete bike in there (although I have recently ascertained, when left unsupervised in the house, that a Honda 50 Cub will just about fit through the sliding double glazed door if I move the table and chairs out of the way), but at least it prevents me from extending the bike collection yet again.



*Colin.*

The “natural” workshop of a shed less motorcyclist, “now where did that spring land!”

## *Photos of the Quarter*



Saturdays Marshals Jampot 2007



Jampot 2007 Will Ginny Colin & Pam



## Photos of the Quarter





## *The Next Quarter*

### October 2007

Sunday 7th Coal House Fort

Thu 11th Club Night

Thu 25th Club Night

Sunday 28th Change of Clocks run

### November 2007

Thu 8th Club Night

Sunday 11th Remembrance Sunday run North Weald

Thu 22nd Club Night

Saturday 24th End Season Dinner

### December 2007

Thu 13th Club Night

Thu 27th Club Night

### **Section Committee**

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